

# THE LIGUORIAN



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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## The Watered Lilies

The Master stood in His garden  
And marked with observant eye  
That His lilies were sadly drooping  
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"  
The Heavenly Master said.  
"Wherein shall I draw it for them  
And revive each drooping head?"

Close to His feet, on the pathway,  
Empty and frail and small,  
An earthen vessel was lying  
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it  
From the dust in which it lay,  
And smiled as He gently whispered.  
"This shall do my work today.

"It is but an earthen vessel  
But it lay so close to me;  
It is small, but, also, it's empty—  
Naught more it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it  
And filled it to the brim.  
How glad was the earthen vessel  
To be of some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water  
Over the lilies fair,  
Until the vessel was empty  
And again He filled it there.

'Twas His hand that drew the water  
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers  
But He used the earthen vessel  
To convey the living showers.

And, unto itself, it whispered,  
As He laid it down once more:  
"Still will I lie in His pathway,  
Just where I lay before;

"Close would I keep to the Master,  
Still empty would I remain,  
And perhaps some day He may use me  
To water His flowers again."

—M. S. Burke, C. Ss. R.

## Father Tim Casey

### A SILVER CRUCIFIX BLESSED BY THE POPE

C. D. MC ENNIRY, C. SS. R.

"A silver crucifix blessed by the Pope! Don't forget!" cried Rosaleen Doran to a lady on board the *Steamship Felicita* as its bow turned southward and it began slowly to drop down the Hudson.

"Poor Rosaleen," murmured Madame d'Artois leaning languidly on the rail and fluttering her handkerchief towards the pier, "she is a cultured girl of uncommon good sense, but still she remains as superstitious as a peasant. The only thing she will have me bring her from Europe is a crucifix blessed by the Pope. Bah!"

"Buy her the biggest blessing the Pope has in stock," said a dapper young society swell from Norfolk, who had already made the acquaintance of Madame d'Artois.

"Or add a few thousand lire and he will let all the young lady's relatives out of purgatory to the third generation inclusive, backwards or forwards, just as she chooses."

"Is this a sample of the enlightened companionship I am to enjoy for the next twelve days from here to Naples!" murmured Father Casey, and he turned away in disgust and sought a secluded spot near the stern where he could view both sides of the river.

The view—dusk was falling and giving the great city and harbor an air of mystery and unreality—soon made the priest forget his momentary impatience. The long piers on the Manhattan side of the river stretched out beckoning to the still longer piers on the Jersey side. Tugs—officious, self-assertive tugs—puffed hither and thither, ushering black unwieldy hulks up and down the watery aisle. Great boats lay anchored at regular intervals as far as the eye could reach, sprinkling the harbor with their warning lights. Over all towered the office buildings of lower Manhattan. They do not look like buildings now—mist and smoke and darkness is gathering about them and a stranger might mistake them for lonely cliffs rising sheer out of the black waters with here and there the light of some hermit keeping his solitary vigil—for the business day has ended and the heart of the money world has temporarily ceased to beat.

Father Casey lingered on deck until the torch of "Liberty Enlight-



ening the World" had disappeared and the pilot had climbed down the ship's side into a skiff which rowed off into the darkness, then he turned into the smoking room in time to see the young man from Norfolk celebrating, in frequent and copious libations, the passage of the three mile limit, and Madame d'Artois, entering upon a desperate flirtation with the captain while her ten year old child, neglected and forgotten, was left to make friends how and with whom she would.

'Twas the second day out which the good priest remembered best—a squally morning—a heavy sea—a darkened sky—pale, bedraggled passengers lying about the salon or dragging themselves into the dining room only to drag themselves out again without tasting the food.

"Father," remarked a thoughtful young man, "there is the whole distance of the social world between a cabin de luxe on the first class and a bunk in the steerage, but I notice the occupants of both have the same grade of seasickness."

"Old ocean is rather conservative and set in his ways," returned the priest. "He has not acquired the habit of consulting Bradstreets to determine how he will treat his guests."

"I have misgivings that he plans to treat the present ones rather roughly. I don't at all like to see the boat people taking so much interest in the barometer as they have been doing last night and this morning. See those sailors. They are making preparations against something that is in store for the passengers of the good ship *Felicita*. They don't bolt up openings and lash things to the deck unless there is a reason."

The "reason" came about an hour later. It came with a roar which drowned out the frightened voices of the passengers. It stayed for eighteen agonizing hours. Windows were smashed, cabin doors forced in, lifeboats wrenched from their davits, tossed out and crumpled like dried leaves in the angry sea. It might have been midnight—Father Casey had tried looking at his watch—when, for at least the tenth time, the battered vessel rolled over on her side to such an alarming angle that every passenger on board felt certain she could never right herself again. As she gradually swung back and tons of water rolled from her decks, Father Casey pressed his face against the port-hole glass and peered out into the night. The lightning flashed and transformed the wild sea into a spectacle of dazzling, awesome splendor. But the good priest saw nothing at all—his eyes were straining to catch the outlines of a dark form clinging to the rail, which he was sure was the

form of a woman. He opened the port-hole and shouted with all his might. In the deafening roar of the storm he could not even hear his own voice, and a wave struck him full in the face and filled the cabin with water. His frantic appeals to the boat people evoked incredulous smiles, "Non c'è nessuno—it is nobody. If anybody is there let him come in as he went out. It is folly for us to go out looking for him."

The morning after the storm brought to all on board the relief of safety after deadly peril—to Father Casey it brought a sick call in the steerage. All the emigrants who had sufficient strength to climb the stair had dragged themselves on deck, and boat hands were busy cleaning the sleeping quarters. Withal the sights and smells were so overpowering that the priest was able to form some idea of the unspeakable filth and wretchedness of the last twenty-four hours when more than eleven hundred men, women, and children, sea-sick and terror-stricken were herded together like cattle in the hold of the vessel.

The patient was a poor Italian woman evidently at the point of death. He made a desperate effort to recall the few Italian words he had once learned and since forgotten, but was greatly relieved to find that she spoke English perfectly. He had assisted at many a death-bed during his priestly career, but never at one more edifying than this. In the harsh school of poverty and suffering, amongst a people who misunderstood and despised her, the poor emigrant had learned the full, deep meaning of her holy faith and had sanctified every pain and every labor and every crushing humiliation by means of prayer and a pure intention—one of God's hidden saints spreading the sweet perfume of faith and trust and supernatural charity in an environment where earthly joys were few. He called on her again in the course of the afternoon. Her mind was brighter and stronger—the last rallying before the end. This is the story she insisted on telling him before she died:

"Two years after our family came to America, my mother died. I, a girl of thirteen, had to try to fill her place in the care of my younger sister and three little brothers. Concetta, my sister, was a child of remarkable beauty. I am sure it was sinful pride on my part rather than sisterly affection which made me content with poor and worn clothing for myself, provided I could provide the prettiest frocks and most attractive ornaments for my little Concetta. God forgive me, I flattered her natural vanity, but I did try to make her virtuous and pious. My dearest treasure was a little silver crucifix blessed by the

Pope which had belonged to my mother. Our dear sainted mamma gave it her last kiss and died with it clasped in her hands. Every night and morning I made Concetta hold this crucifix while she recited the prayers our mamma had taught us.

"It is needless to repeat in detail how it all came about. Suffice it to say that a wealthy American widower who had lost his only child, was so struck with the beauty of little Concetta, that he kept insisting with my father until he succeeded in taking her to raise and educate. In the end, he adopted her. She became one of the leading society women in both America and Europe, and married a noted Frenchman, who died leaving her still richer than before. But Concetta renounced her family. She did not know whether we were living or dead. She never learned my name by marriage. And—saddest of all—Concetta gave up her faith!"

The dying woman struggled a few moments with her emotion then continued:

"On the morning of the day of the storm, I saw a lady of the first class walking on deck. Something about her form and her movements reminded me of my little sister. I watched until I saw her face. It was Concetta—now Madame d'Artois. I determined to steal to her cabin that night and make an appeal to her by her love for mamma to return to her faith. By night the storm was raging. Still I could not desist from my purpose. I even hoped that at such a time she would be in a better mood to listen to me pleading for her immortal soul, as the storm had interrupted the continuous round of pleasures which prevented her from even entertaining a single serious thought. I succeeded in slipping out of the steerage without being seen and reaching the upper deck where her cabin de luxe was situated. The moment I entered her room and called her by name, though she had not seen me for years, she recognized me, I am sure she did, though she pretended not, for she drew herself up stiffly and said: 'Leave the room; I did not ring.' 'Concetta,' I cried, 'do not fear to acknowledge that you know me. I have not come to ask for anything for myself. Your wealth and your triumphs have not made you happy—I will have no share in them. But *I* have something *you* need, something that will make you happy, and gladly will I share it with you—the holy faith which was taught us by our sainted mother. Concetta, by the memory of our dear dead mamma, by this crucifix, this image of Jesus Christ Crucified, which received her last dying kiss—Concetta,

come back to the holy faith you have renounced.' At sight of the worn crucifix, her face turned white; tears started to her eyes, but in her pride she kept them back. My poor lost Concetta! this world had been her god. She had served this thankless god with all her powers and all her faculties. She had served this false god until her heart became hard, hard, hard. Divine grace could no more penetrate it than the dew impresses flint. She rose and pointed to the door. 'Leave me before I report you to the officers and have you jailed,' she said. I hid the crucifix in my bosom and went out into the storm. She slammed the door behind me and locked it fast. Just at that moment a great wave struck the vessel and made it tremble like a poor stricken animal. The waters washed over the topmost deck. Had I not clung to the deck I should have been swept into the sea. Drenched through and through, blinded with salt water, chilled to the bone, I climbed down the stairs and crept on my hands and knees along the lower deck clinging to the rail while wave after wave swept over the ship. It was fully an hour before I reached my place in the steerage. I had long been an invalid, and the exposure and heartbreak of this terrible night brought on the crisis. I know the end is near. I welcome it. I have tried to love and serve my God, and I hope, by His mercy soon to have the joy of looking upon His beautiful face. Father, you have been kind to me. When I am dead, take this silver crucifix from my hands. It will remind you sometimes to pray for me. Please do not let my sister know that I am dead—it would shock her too much—coming so soon after our painful meeting. She may, it is true, learn that one of the steerage passengers has died, but, even should she see the name, she will not know that it is I, for she does not know my present name."

The sick woman had not mistaken her condition. She did not live till morning. The burial was set for the following night—none of the passengers were allowed to be present. Just as the ship's bell sounded midnight, the engines were stopped and the *Felicita* glided noiselessly through the sea. Father Casey and the officers of the crew stood around a canvas bag containing the body of the dead emigrant. In a subdued voice he read from his ritual: "Occurite angeli Dei. . . Come to meet her, angels of God. Libera me, Domine. . . Deliver me, O Lord, in that dread day when Thou shalt come to judge the world. Requiem aeternam. . . Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her. May she rest in peace." He stopped and closed his book. There was a slight splash in the black waters.

The signal sounded, the engines throbbed again and the *Felicita* continued on her course.

Father Casey passed through the salon on the way back to his cabin. There, it was a gay evening with music and dancing and gambling and wine and polished men and beautiful women. When the ship stopped, the word had been whispered about: "They're burying a woman who died in steerage." At this solemn announcement, the merry making had died down for a moment, but only for a moment, then it recommenced with double energy. Madame d'Artois, who had surpassed herself this evening and reigned queen without a peer, saw the priest enter and turned on him a look of fearsome inquiry. In his effort to appear disinterested, he nonchalantly reached for his handkerchief. Something in his pocket caught on the handkerchief and fell to the floor. An agonized shriek rang through the salon and Madame d'Artois crumpled up in a dead faint.

"The heat of the salon—overexertion in dancing," said some. "A heart attack," said others. "So much champagne, no wonder!" buzzed the envious tongues of others.

All these were mere surmises—Father Casey *knew*—it was a silver crucifix blessed by the Pope.

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### TRY LIVING AN HOUR AT A TIME

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Dr. Osler once said: "Living a day at a time is the freshest, oldest and usefulest of all hygienic rules of life". Living an hour at a time is the easy way of beginning the process. Can you be good or useful during the next sixty minutes? If you can, you have solved the problem of right living, for it is only necessary to keep up the system for the following hour; and so on.—*Catholic Citizen*.

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As a graceful mosaic is made by the tasteful inlaying and cementing together of an almost infinite number of little stones, so is a saintly life made up of an unbroken chain of small acts of virtue.

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All our good and all our evil certainly lies in the character of our actions. As they are so are we; for we are the tree and they are the fruit. Therefore they prove what each one is.—*St. Augustine*.

## A 100% Catholic Layman

### HIS SOLUTION OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM

F. J. ROMER, C. SS. R.

Words alone did not satisfy Ozanam's love of truth; he brought works to her altar, also. Indeed it is his work that has left the lasting impression; it is his work that has exerted a world-wide influence for good; it is his work that stands today after a glorious march of eighty years as a proof that Catholicity is not dead, but living with an active faith, and showing the same remarkable charity that characterized her earliest days.

#### THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

I refer to that noble, self-sacrificing, Christ-like body of men, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Theirs is not the philanthropy that pours out millions for that vague, abstract thing, Humanity; a philanthropy, which Ozanam calls "a vain woman, who likes to deck herself out in her good works and admire herself in the glass." No, theirs is the charity that goes down to the concrete individual; that seeks to relieve his bodily wants, while not forgetting his spiritual ills; a charity which Ozanam compares to "a mother, whose eyes rest lovingly on the child at her breast, who has no thought of self, but forgets her beauty in her love." This is the sublime work Ozanam has done for Truth.

It began while he was yet a student. He felt that words were not sufficient; that deeds must be opposed to the enemies of the Faith. The St. Simonians were taunting them with, "Show us your works. We admit the past grandeur of Christianity, but the tree is now dead and bears no fruit."

Ozanam felt the force of the taunt, and therefore, suggested one day to two companions that deeds must also be their weapon. The seed took root. At the next meeting to their surprise they found that in each the idea had grown to a firm conviction. With the aid of their director, M. Bailly, they formed their plan of action; and in the month of May 1833, eight young men gathered round the venerable priest to learn the object of this new union.

It was to help the poor, to visit the sick, and to give them every pos-

sible temporal assistance; but especially to offer them the "alms of good advice." For how many fall into poverty, and through ignorance are unable to get out of it! This distinctive feature was enthusiastically received by Ozanam and the rest; for the fact is, they had little material alms to give; but the "alms of good advice" or counsel, their education enabled them to tender freely and liberally. For patron, they chose none other than St. Vincent de Paul, the immortal apostle of the poor.

"CHARITY" NOT "PHILANTHROPY".

The Society's rules were very simple, excluding everything that could mar the work of true Christian charity. Politics was not to be mentioned; the society was to be no stepping-stone to worldly advancement; the poor, the sick and infirm were to claim their special attention. Personal donations to the poor were not allowed; but at the weekly meetings collections were taken up, and from these supplies were purchased. Their marked characteristic was to be the personal visit, each member being assigned to a given number of poor.

What this "personal visit" and the "alms of good advice" meant, may be gathered from Ozanam's first experience. He found a wretched mother with several children cruelly suffering through the neglect and even brutality of a drunken father. On examining the case Ozanam learned that they had never contracted a valid marriage; hence the woman was free to leave with the children. She could hardly believe the fact, and only the written certificate of a magistrate finally convinced her. With what joy she and her children availed themselves of this information may well be imagined.

Thus the work began. Its growth was phenomenal. In Paris itself numerous conferences soon sprang up, and thence the society spread to other cities. Twenty years later it was active in France, Belgium, Spain, England, and America, the first conference in this country having been founded in St. Louis in 1845, and the second in New York a year later. In Paris where it began with eight, 2,000 members ministered to the wants of one-fourth of the city's poor. But what was Ozanam's share in the movement? Was he the founder of the Society? He steadfastly denied it, always repeating, "There were eight of us." Yet he certainly was the heart and soul of the work, and has ever been revered as its real founder.



## WIDE AS THE WORLD.

Thus by this work of practical Catholicity did Ozanam add deeds to words in the fulfillment of his vow. Never was vow more faithfully kept. From the day of its pronouncement until his last breath—he died at the early age of 40, Sept. 8, 1853—his one desire was to proclaim the truth, to win men back to the saving Faith. By word and work he labored unceasingly; and so successful were his efforts that their fruit is more abundant today than ever.

On all sides conferences are continuing the work of true Christian charity, a constant reproach to the ostentatious philanthropy of many modern social workers. There are 100,000 active members and as many honorary members. In the United States the Society numbered in 1910, 730 conferences with 12,062 members. In that year they relieved 24,742 families, and made 233,044 visits. Situations were procured for 2,949, and \$387,849 were expended.

Though Frederick Ozanam's years were few, his work was complete. His name will ever be synonymous with Truth and Charity. I cannot better sum up the sterling qualities of his high character, than quoting the words of his contemporary and co-laborer for the cause of truth, Card. Manning:

"Such was Frederic Ozanam; a pure and noble soul, on fire with charity to all men, especially the poor; consumed with zeal in the service of truth; pious, with a filial tenderness; exemplary in every path of life; more eloquent in the supernatural beauty of his thoughts, than in the loving words which fell from his lips; more illuminated with the ardor of Christian faith than with the manifold lights of literary cultivation; such a man bore in him a Catholic heart full of all instinctive loyalty, as ready to give his life for a jot or tittle of the faith, or for a definition of the Divine authority of the Church, as he was to counsel the Archbishop of Paris to tread in the steps of the Good Shepherd, and to lay down his life for his sheep. May God raise up on every side laymen like Frederic Ozanam."

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One reason why the lives of so many men are thin, lean and ineffective is because they do not rise above the things that untune their minds, irritate and annoy and worry them and produce discord—*Marden.*



## Plucky Jack

### HOW HE WON HIS WAY

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

Jack Binner, a real boy, by the way, sat in one of the first benches at St. Mary's School. He was not the leader of his class, but he was a steady and sure "runner-up".

The teacher, Sister Angela, was going through the geography lesson one day—as usual. It was all about Africa. She tried to make the lesson as interesting as possible. But, on a beautiful May day—or rather a July day thrown like a mirage into the middle of May—with the lawns singing with dewy greenness and the robins hopping about, what did Tom, Dick and Harry, and Bess and Marge and Lucy for all that, care about Africa? Even cocoanuts and bananas did not make Africa appeal to them.

But then came the Congo. And Sister told them things she had read about the missions of the Redemptorist Fathers there in the heart of the "Dark Continent". Here was the heroic, the romantic, to interest the boys and girls. The Hail Mary in the jungles! Mass and Holy Communion in bamboo huts! Little black children going to school under the immense palms to a Sister such as the one before them!

One boy was deeply interested—it was our friend Jack. Sister Angela noticed his engrossed appearance—saw the flush on his cheek, saw the light of ardor in his eyes. If there is anything that can warm up a speaker it is that: to feel that he has struck soft, loamy soil and can cut furrows deep and sink the seed well. Sister Angela grew eloquent. Jack fell to dreaming: his boyish imagination worked faster than the Sister's. And while she was telling what she saw as through a telescope, he was in the very midst of the black unregenerates—touching and feeling everything. Suddenly Sister stopped and called:

"Jack Binner!"

Who spoke? For a moment Jack could not recognize whether it was the Sister who called him or the missionary in the jungles. He rose at his place:

"What did you ask, Sister?"

"What did I say last—repeat it, please? or weren't you paying attention?"

Jack hung his head. If she had asked about Congo-land, what he might not have said! But, what Sister had been saying—why, that was before he went to Congo—how could he possibly remember that!

Sister Angela noticed his embarrassment. Jack did not ordinarily fail her in this way. So she made no rebuke, and simply said—not as if imposing a penance but as if desirous of an explanation:

“I wish to see you after school, Jack.”

She did.

“What was the matter, Jack?” she asked when school had been dismissed and the boy stood at her desk. Jack again hung his head without a word, as if to say: I don’t know how to put it or where to begin; you might not understand me. She saw at once there was no obstinacy in his action.

“You are always so attentive,” Sister Angela continued, “what made you dream?” There was some mystery here—she suspected some boyish sorrow or trouble, and she wished to correct any blunder she might have made. If she had only known how effective her teaching was and that that boy’s dreaming was far greater proof of her power than the attention of all the other children! But Jack was too hopeless of his dream to speak. He still hung his head.

Just then the Pastor entered the room to speak with the Sister on some business, and she had to dismiss the boy. Having run errands for his mother, Jack was soon in the midst of a baseball game—his head was not hanging now, nor was he dreaming.

## II.

Some time in the fall of the same year Mr. Binner and Jack and his older brother Cornelius—“Con” as they called him—were down at the railway station on a Saturday morning. Con, who had been city salesman for the Ford Automobile Company, was now to open a new office in a western city and was just setting out on his new duties. He had already been out West to examine the chances and opportunities and he was elated over his work. At the railway station Mr. Binner met some friends, and being very much delighted with his son’s prospects, his fatherly breast heaved with pride and he grew eloquent.

Thus Jack and Con were left to themselves. Con was telling all his hopes and prospects to Jack; they had been pretty good “pals” to each other, though Con was twenty-three and Jack only fifteen. Be-

sides Jack was an interested listener and full of questions, mostly about the "Wild West" as it was to his romantic mind, and about travelling.

"I wish I could go away, too," he said finally—but he did not mention where or why—he would like to go.

As the train whistled around the bend and came like a monster with one flashing eye, bearing down on the city, shaking the tracks and even the station as it drew nearer and nearer, Mr. Binner came back to give Con some last bits of advice. It was evident that he had some misgivings about his eldest son, anyway.

Jack slipped away. It was evening, quite dark already, and the crowd was fairly large, so that neither Mr. Binner nor Con missed him. But as Con stepped into the train, the father turned around:

"Jack, say good-bye!" he called.

But there was no Jack about: people only stared at him as if to say: Not me!

"Why the boy has disappeared!" grumbled Mr. Binner to himself and with some impatience and a little anxiety he went in search of the boy.

At last he found him down at the farther end of the station leaning against the building, looking out over the tracks after the departing train. His hands were dug deep in his pockets and in the dim glare of the station's lights, Mr. Binner discerned a look of yearning in the boy's eyes.

"What's the matter with you?" he said. "Couldn't you say good-bye?"

"I did, Pa."

"Well, what are you standing here for?"

Jack looked up at his father. Should he tell the desire that was in his heart—that had been there this long while, and now was calling for attention—now that he was in his last year at school? Jack's silent look betrayed his uncertainty. His father was a business man, a man of the world, so taken up with that part of life, that he had no time for his religious obligations and it was years since he had made his Easter duty even.

Still he loved Jack—the boy who could pray as earnestly as he could play, more than the elder, Con. "I wish it was Jack," he had said to himself, when Con came home with the news of his advancement. "Jack has grit and perseverance—he has pluck." Now, however, as he looked at the hesitating boy, he grew inwardly angry and for the first

time formed what to him was a "horrible" suspicion. No doubt his conscience, which troubled him at times, made him more sensitive. Could it be? he reflected for a moment. He did not like to name it. But imagine John Binner's boy a priest!

"Well," he said with some sternness, "out with it, Jack!"

Jack did not flinch, but straightening up, he answered respectfully yet firmly:

"I want to be God's salesman!"

The father looked at him in mute astonishment, as if puzzled.

"I want to be a priest, a missionary," added the boy.

"Get that nonsense out of your head, Jack!" blurted the father with an air of finality, which, however, was far from final to Jack.

"Dad," he said, "It's far less nonsense to go to some distant place to put up a church and school and bring Our Lord to those who do not know Him and help them to go to heaven, than it is to go far away from home to set up an office for the distribution of Fords. You act as if that were the most sublime thing in the world—to sell automobiles!"

It was somewhat of a blow to Mr. Binner. The dart went home more truly than the boy imagined. And the father, surprised at the young speaker's **boldness and earnestness** so free from all disrespect, winced a trifle.

"A chip of the old block!" he thought. But under the influence of his old viewpoint, he said:

"This is what comes of serving at the altar every day! You are beginning to mope and be morbidly pious! You have to give that up, do you hear? And you'll start right in tomorrow."

"Tomorrow is Sunday," replied Jack. "We are obliged to go to Mass under pain of grievous sin."

"Sunday or Monday—it makes no difference!" said the father with vehemence. "You'll stay at home. Come along now, Jack, I don't want any sulking."

Jack went. There were qualities his father always insisted on: bravery, courage and loyalty. He was a pal to his boys or tried to be. With Jack it was easy; it had not been quite so easy with Con.

When they reached home, Jack went to his mother to say good-night and after whispering something to her to which she gravely shook her head, he went off to bed. When he was asleep, Mr. Binner came

quietly into the boy's room, picked up his shoes and stockings, and took them with him.

"You won't fool me, you little rascal!" he murmured to himself. "I said you're not going to mass tomorrow and I mean it. I intend to sleep and I'm not going to be disturbed by you."

### III.

Jack awoke early. His resolution had been formed the evening before and in repeating it, he had fallen asleep: "I must go! I will go; God calls!"

Rising quietly from the bed, he groped for his stockings: they were not to be found. He groped for his shoes—he could not reach them. Going on tip-toes to the window he let up the shades noiselessly. In the faint light of dawn he saw that his shoes and stockings were missing.

"Dad!" he said to himself at once. "I know it! But I don't care; I will go!"

The whole plan seemed clear to him. He dressed—all but shoes and stockings—then as quietly as possible raising the window, he got out on the porch, climbed over the railing, slid down the post and jumped to the ground.

It was an October morning and chill; there had been a cold rain during the night that made the streets run with mud. Nothing daunted however, Jack ran on to the Church. Already people were on their way to Mass, and as the boy passed them as he ran, they wondered what Jack Binner was up to running barefoot toward the Church on a Sunday morning. Jack did not even give them a thought, or at least, he did not give a straw for their thoughts just then. Without shoes and stockings he was all the more careless what ways he took, just so that he might get to Church quickly. What of the mud! At last he arrived at the sacristy door, all out of breath from running. Grasping the knob he gave it a vigorous turn and would have rushed in. But another boy opened it from within. It was an altar-boy, who seeing Jack barefoot, promptly held the door quite shut, as he called back over his shoulders to the priest:

"It's Jack Binner, Father. He hasn't his shoes and stockings on! He can't come in that way!"

"Let me in," said Jack. "I'll tell Father Bertram just how it is!"

But only the door could have heard him for no one was listening to the scape-grace outside.

"Barefoot!" re-echoed Father Bertram incredulously, in answer to the other boy. "Jack wouldn't do anything like that. Let me see." And he strode to the door.

"Father," said Jack, as soon as the priest threw open the door. "Could I speak to you?"

"Why, surely, Jack," said the non-plussed priest, stepping out on the porch and to the chagrin of three curious boys within, pulling the door shut behind him. "What's up now?"

Jack explained. And since Father Bertram was acquainted with the circumstances, it was not difficult for him to grasp the situation.

"Hm!" he reflected. "I tell you what, Jack; you stay right here in the sacristy during the Mass. But no!" he added quickly after a pause, "you deserve to assist at the altar after such an effort. There are slippers for you here and I'll see that you get some kind of stockings."

So saying he hurried over to the presbytery and returned in a short while with a pair of stockings. At a window in the presbytery the housekeeper drew aside the curtains, looked across the yard and disappeared again.

"There," said Father Bertram, handing the stockings to the boy. "These will do for the time being. Now get ready—Mass will start soon."

Meanwhile Mr. Binner had been awakened from his "long sleep" by his wife, who had risen and was apparently, to his great astonishment, dressing to go out. For a while he watched without a word.

"Well," he ejaculated, at last; "where are we going this morning, so early?"

"To Church," replied Mrs. Binner with assumed unconcern, as she went on with her arrangements.

"My gracious!" blurted out her husband and not without vehemence. "It isn't Christmas, is it?"

His wife burst out laughing. It was really more sadly funny than he thought. But she was prepared to face the music. She had not been very regular at her religious duties either, for some time past, having become enmeshed in matters and fashions of the world like her husband. But when Jack confided to her his resolve the evening before, and when she saw the light in his earnest face as he spoke, her conscience was aroused and she determined to help him.

"That's all right," she replied to her husband. "But, it's Sunday. I was thinking, John, we might do our duty better than we have in the past. It would be better for the children. And now that Con is so far from home, I want to pray for him; he may need it!"

Mr. Binner watched his wife's preparations again in silence. He seemed to be making up his mind.

"Have you called Jack?" he asked suddenly.

"No—but—" and she hesitated.

"But what?"

"I intend to call him as soon as I'm ready. You're not going to keep the boy from Mass today!"

"I'll call him myself," he answered. Rising at once and dressing he hurried to Jack's room with the boy's shoes and stockings.

He rapped at his door. No answer. He opened it. There were the bed clothes in a confused heap. Was the boy under them sound asleep? No. He was gone. Mr. Binner stroked his chin reflectively as he was wont to do when baffled.

"Well," he ejaculated as he turned sharply and strode out of the room again. "If Con had Jack's spunk I'd feel better about him!"

"Mother," he said as he reached his own room. "Wait a minute. I'm going with you!"

She was almost swept off her feet by this surprising resolution.

"And Jack?" she asked.

"Jack's gone. I'm going to see him at the altar. I think I ought to learn a lesson from my boy!"

Mrs. Binner regarded her husband quizzically a moment and smiled. She did not say that it was the boy who had so deeply impressed her likewise.

"Hurry," she said simply. "We'll be late!"

They reached the Church when Mass had already started, and having been ushered into one of the rear pews, Mr. Binner's eyes were strained to the front. At last he seemed satisfied. He nudged his wife and with a shake of the head meant to say:

"That's he!"

As they came out of Church, after the Mass was over, Mrs. Binner spoke to her husband:

"Did you notice Jack lately? I think he wants to become a priest."

"If it were Con," answered her husband, "I wouldn't mind it so much. But Jack's the best of them!"

"Yes," replied the wife; "Con is the boy we made; he takes after his father and mother. Jack is the boy God seems to have been forming despite our carelessness."

"Hm!" puffed Mr. Binner. That and nothing more. Either he did not understand or he did not wish to make a confession.

But as he went to his duties regularly now, week after week, Sunday after Sunday, he began to find in his long-neglected religion that peace that had been missing from his life all this time. His work and business went on just as well, in fact, even better than before; for each Sunday brought him closer to God and steadied him.

The home, too, was undergoing a change: it was growing happier as father and mother went to Church and the sacraments regularly, and even the children noticed that somehow God had come into the home.

#### IV.

Jack never again referred to his desire to become a priest. After some months, one day a missionary who happened to be stopping at the parsonage, came into the school-room to tell of the work in the far missions. Among his listeners, none followed him so closely, so interestedly as Jack Binner.

"Now," said the missionary, when he stopped for the third time, and waved away the clamor of the children. Tell us some more father! "Now, who wants to be a missionary?"

The girls looked over at the boys; the boys looked at one another. Some hands went up timidly, dubiously; others some went up quickly, waving excitedly; one went up deliberately and steadily; beneath it glowed a face flushed with enthusiasm. The priest looked them over and smiled.

"I am leaving tomorrow," he went on, as his smile broadened; "who will go with me?"

Every hand dropped, but one: it was the steady hand that was raised over the face that still glowed with enthusiasm.

"You?" asked the missionary, as his face grew earnest and his eyes rested upon the boy before him. "Will you come with me, tomorrow? Do you mean it?"

"Yes, Father, I will! I wish you would take me along."

The priest had only been trying the boys and had not been at all serious about his questions. But there was something about this boy



that made him resolve to take him at his word. Like love at first sight, this seemed to be understanding at first sight.

"Come here," he said, kindly but earnestly.

Jack rose, took a baseball out of his bulging pocket and laid it on the bench, and went up to the priest. The children looked on in silent admiration of something vaguely romantic. Sister Angela put her hand to her lips to stop their rebellious quivering: she understood.

"Can you be ready by ten o'clock tomorrow morning?" he asked, placing his hands on the boy's shoulders and looking straight into his eyes to read, if possible, the lines of his soul.

Jack shook his head deliberately but decisively.

"I'll take you with me to the missionary college in Pennsylvania," he said. "There you will take up your studies and prepare for the work of a missionary. What's your name, my lad?"

"Jack Binner."

"At ten o'clock tomorrow morning, Jack, at the priesthouse!"

"I will go!" said Jack. In his heart he added: I must go; God calls. The very same words he used the Sunday that brought the change into his home.

It seemed a sudden decision. But no one that knew the boy's inner history could say that truly. This was the consummation he had wished for all along. He had been silent about it, because he could not see any way in which his desire could be realized: he knew not where to turn for advice or aid. Here was the solution of all proffered by divine Providence. He grasped it, resolved not to let it slip.

Jack went home and quietly got together the things that the priest had told him he should need. No one seemed to take any special notice of him. Supper came, and he had to announce his intention. His heart beat fast with excitement, so that he could hardly eat. Then Mrs. Binner came in—she whispered something in her husband's ear that made his eyes open wide with surprise.

"What's on your mind, Jack," he asked at length, affecting indifference.

"Dad," said Jack, "I'm going to be a priest."

"You are?" said the father.

"Yes," added Jack quickly, before his father could say more. "A missionary."

"A missionary," repeated his father, almost like a child repeating

his lessons. It was not what Jack said that bewildered him, but his manner.

"And I'm going tomorrow," continued the boy. "All I need is already packed."

The mother, standing beside the husband, seemed dumbfounded; the tears started to her eyes. Mr. Binner looked at his boy in silent astonishment.

"Tomorrow," repeated Jack. "The missionary that's here is leaving tomorrow and he said he'd take me along because I want to go."

"And I suppose," said the father, slowly, "you'd go barefoot, if you had to, eh?"

"I would!" said Jack. There was a pause. Jack wondered what his father would say.

"It's rather sudden, Jack," he said reflectively; "it's rather sudden. But—" and his fist came down on the table making the dishes dance—"by heaven, I admire your pluck. Go ahead! What do you say about it, mother?"

She merely wept the harder.

"Mother," said Jack, "don't cry. I'll be nearer to you even than Con is."

## V.

"I told you, John," said Mrs. Binner to her husband as they talked it over that night. "He's God's child. We must give him up!"

"And I shall be the daddy of a priest!" replied he, a new and legitimate pride swelling his breast.

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## THE VOICE OF SILENCE

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'Twas night. I stepped from out the world's cold glare  
Into the friendly gloom that hung around  
The tabernacle's door, and there I found  
One Heart who made His own mine every care.  
I came to beg that He with me would share  
My weary load. And then I heard the sound  
Of Jesus, heavenly voice so interwound  
Of silence and of peace that, scarce aware  
He spoke, I doubted till again I heard  
His silent voice. He told me not to faint  
But bear my burden as a gift conferred  
For some great deed, with thanks and not complaint.  
God's crosses are as treasure-trove on earth,  
Only in their Owner can we know their worth.

—Joseph J. Griffin, C. Ss. R.

## Showing Forth The Glory STRAY THOUGHTS

T. Z. AUSTIN.

"You have received Holy Communion; your thanksgiving is accomplished; you return home. What conduct does the Communion of the morning impose upon you?"

It is a great question that a spiritual writer puts—one that every intelligent communicant, it seems to me, must some time or other put to himself.

St. Paul gives us an answer in a general way: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." That is the principle: "Give forth what God has given to you."

### GOD IN NATURE.

God has put something of Himself into all creation. This thought is familiar to poets, who simply put into more beautiful and musical language the cold, clear-cut, logical reflections of Christian philosophers and scientists. Father Abram Ryan, for instance, sings:

"Yea! Nature is God's shadow and how bright  
Must that face be which such a shadow casts?  
We walk within it, for 'we live and move  
And have our being' in Him everywhere.  
The tiniest grain of sand on ocean's shore  
Entemples Him; the fragrance of the rose  
Folds Him around as incense folds  
The altars of His Christ."

The artist leaves upon his work the imprint of his own personality. And even into language, so much of the individual can be thrown that one who knows the writer's character may often readily enough be able to discern the author. Men can tell a Raphael from a Rubens—Dickens' work from Lytton's—O'Henry's from McManus. So God has put into all things He made, somewhat of His greatness, His majesty, His beauty, His wisdom, His perfections.

All things in turn show forth these attributes to the searching eye of man and the wondering gaze of the angel's intuitive glance.

"The heavens proclaim His glory," says the Psalmist, "The firmament proclaims the work of His hands."

"Yet who but God who arched the skies  
And pours the day-spring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all He tries,  
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?  
Mould its green cup, its wiry stems;  
Its fringed border nicely spin;  
And cut the gold-embossed gem  
That, set in silver, gleams within?  
And fling it, unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,  
That man where'er he walks may see  
In every step the stamp of God."

It is their purpose. Cast like gems along the paths of the universe, the heavens reflect the immensity of God—and in the broad, almost limitless and immeasurable paths, their stately speed mirror His serene and imperturbable yet living and active eternity. The mountains are like giants with bended backs in adoration telling of His wondrous might. The flowers whisper of His beauty, the tiniest leaf tells tales to all who listen of the Wisdom of God reaching to the uttermost bounds of being, building universes in a drop of water.

The "cosmic urge"—the purpose and destiny of all things—their work and reason of their being is to show forth the attributes of their Maker.

This it is that has made all saints lovers of nature, because to them nature was a Bible revealing in large, illuminated letters the glory of their God.

To St. Francis de Paula every plant and flower had a tongue; as he passed by them they seemed to call out to him: "Love God! Love God! Love God!" The saint in gentle remonstrance would strike them playfully with his cane, saying:

"Hush! Be still! I hear you! I understand!"

All things that share in some way God's perfections must, in that same degree, strive in turn to show this perfection forth. It is the law.

NEARER THE SOURCE.

Into the higher beings, the more perfect ones, God has put, so to say, still more of Himself, has revealed more fully His perfections. In man He has hardly stinted this outpouring of His attributes, until "fearfully and wondrously made" man became the image and likeness of God by reason of the gift of intelligence and free will. By using

these man shows forth the divine Wisdom and creative Power. And this is man's obligation.

"And He made man to His own likeness."

But more deeply, more richly—infinity so—does the humanity of Christ share in the divinity. In that humanity's wide yet finite limits, the divine life flows at high tide.

How richly, how brilliantly, how splendidly Christ shows it forth in all His actions! Pagans and unbelievers have been in admiration of it.

"I esteem the Gospels," says Goethe, "to be thoroughly genuine, for there shines forth from them the reflected splendor of a sublimity, proceeding from the Person of Jesus Christ, of so divine a kind as only the Divine could ever have manifested on earth." (*Conversations with Eckermann*, III, 371.)

And Rousseau (*Emile*, I-IV, 109-111) declares: "How petty are the books of the philosophers with all their pomp, compared with the Gospels! Can it be that writings so sublime at once and simple are the work of men? Can He whose life they tell be Himself no more than a mere man? Is there anything in His character of the enthusiast, or the ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in His ways, what touching grace in His teachings! What a loftiness in His maxims, and what profound Wisdom in His words! What presence of mind, and aptness in His replies! What an empire over His passions! Where is the man, where is the sage, who knows how to act, to suffer and to die without weakness and without display? My friend, men do not invent like this; and the facts respecting Socrates which no one doubts, are not so well attested as those about Jesus Christ. These Jews could never have struck this tone, or thought of this morality, and the Gospel has characteristics of truthfulness so grand, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that their inventors would be even more wonderful than He whom they portray. . . . Yes, if the death of Socrates be that of a sage, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God."

So clear indeed was the revelation of God in Jesus Christ that, we needed not the Father's express words to tell us: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased". We had but to consider His life, His wonders, His teaching, His works, His passion, His death to be forced with the Roman centurion to say: "Truly this is the Son of the living God."

Christ in His human life showed forth the divinity in the fulness in which He had received it.

That too must be our law for Communion day: We must endeavor to show forth what we have received.

#### THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

"If thou hadst known the gift of God," said Christ to the Samaritan woman. What a difference it would make in our Communions if we fully realized what a gift is given in them.

It is Christ Himself, really, wholly and entirely; not a picture or image of Him; not a dead Christ; but the living, thinking, willing, loving, all sustaining Christ.

"Jesus as He was born of Mary; as He lay in the manger; as He was in the arms and on the breast of His Mother; as He was in Nazareth, in the desert, during His public life, working His great miracles, multiplying the loaves, walking upon the waters, bringing the dead to life; Jesus as He was in Gethsemane and during His Passion—scourged, crowned with thorns, fastened to the Cross, giving that cry of distress and dying in the fulness of confidence and love; Jesus as He is on high, at the right hand of the Father, causing the eternal happiness and joy of the Angels, the elect and the Saints; Jesus as He will come to the Last Judgment on the clouds of heaven; such, finally, as we ourselves shall see Him in Paradise, in bliss, without flaw and without end.

Jesus, man and God: man in His soul and body, His intelligence and will, His mind and heart; Jesus with the fulness of His divine nature, eternal, unchangeable, infinitely wise, infinitely merciful, infinitely good; Jesus, the Son of God, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, begotten by His Father and consubstantial with Him, from whom the Holy Ghost proceeds as from the Father; Jesus, inseparately united to the Father and the Spirit, making only one with them, one single divinity, one single God."

This is the gift that is given us in Holy Communion: "We are clothed with Christ," as St. Paul says; we must show forth then in our lives on Communion day, the inner and the outer life of Christ.

#### ANIMA CHRISTI SANCTISSIMA.

Soul of Christ most holy. It was the inner Sanctuary of the divine Personality of the Word. "Without ceasing it looks to God, contem-

plating Him always. He does not turn His eyes aside for a moment, nor His thoughts. He loves God with inconceivable strength; He has transports of love that no words can express. He submits to the divine Will in all things; He makes Himself subject to it with incredible perfection and cries with infinite satisfaction: 'Never do I anything of myself: I do always that which is pleasing to my Father'. Thus elevated, transfigured, deified, who shall describe the life of Christ's soul, its depth and sublimity; its perfection and the strength of all its virtues; its purity, its humility, its patience, its charity?"

Such is the soul of Christ: He gives it to us in Holy Communion.

CORPUS CHRISTI SACRATISSIMUM.

Body of Christ most sacred! That too—involving His whole exterior being, and life and activity. We find it portrayed in the Gospels.

Jesus was beautiful. "The heavenly Father," says St. Chrysostom, "poured out on Him in full streams that personal beauty, which is distilled only drop by drop upon mortal men." Intelligence gives to man's countenance, even though the features themselves should lack perfection, a glow of superiority and a good soul shines out through the eyes. The countenance of saints, we are told, glowed with an ethereal, a heavenly beauty that was imparted by the radiance of their souls. So the divinity must have shone through the eyes of the Master and given that sacred Face a haunting grace and comeliness.

St. Theresa tells us that she saw but the hand of Christ in ecstasy, and its beauty haunted her forever after, so that she could find delight in nothing else.

He was dignity itself. Whether it was at Nazareth in the house of His Mother, or in the desert; in the midst of His chosen disciples or surrounded by throngs of listeners; at Jacob's well with the Samaritan woman or face to face with the Scribes and Pharisees; stooped over the feet of His disciples, with towel and basin, in the act of washing their feet, or riding in triumph into Jerusalem amid the "hosannas" of the "children of Israel"; in the garden weighed down with sorrows, or before His judges condemning Him while they declared Him innocent: it is always the "Master". His dignity overawes and when He wills strikes even His foes with terror. He draws the pure and the good to Himself, but in the affection there is nothing tawdry or commonplace.

He was calm and peaceful. All human passions burned within

His breast; His heart throbbed with every human emotion. Yet so completely were these fires within His control that they flame up only at His word. He weeps, He smiles; He is sad, He rejoices; He sympathizes, He glows with anger: manly, strong are His passions but infinitely beautiful—because He allows none of them to stir except for a noble purpose and for our instruction. In His triumph as in His disgrace He is the same: sunshine and clouds pass over the calm waters of His soul and they remain undisturbed.

He is brave and courageous. As He looked with baby-eyes from His crib, the door posts of the humble home reminded Him of His cross. That was before Him all His days. Day by day He went out to His labor of preaching and teaching: despite the coldness with which He was received; despite the lack of faith even in His disciples; despite the Scribes and Pharisees who dogged His every step and watched His every move and weighed His every word to find something for which to bring Him to His death; and when the shadow of Calvary already lay across His soul, yet He is not daunted—but goes forth to meet His foes though He knows they bring Him chains and prison and shame and dishonor and the gibbet. Sorrow could not break His heart—pain could not daunt His spirit—freely He gave up His soul and commended it to the Father:—love mastered that great Heart.

He was modest. "I am among you not as He who is served but as He who serves." Pride or jealousy had no place because He realized the nothingness of His humanity and the infinite greatness of the divinity. He was modest because He loved us and wished to make us feel as "brothers" to Him and not to dazzle us by the splendors He might have taken as on Thabor. He is modest above all in the tabernacle where He is hidden and reserved, silent and self-contained, indifferent to His surroundings—hiding all that could frighten or overcome us.

But supreme over all His characteristics was His love: affable and sweet in manner; strong and firm in its attachment; tender and pure in its affection; sympathetic and compelling in its ministrations; equable, unaffected by mood or whim; forgiving and forgetful of ingratitude at the first sign of repentance; excluding none, taking in the poor widow in shabby clothes as well as the great and esteemed, delighting in the little ones and pouring out even over the hills of His chosen homeland and the sheep that bleated on the hillsides.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart—that de-



scribes the inner life of His human soul. Greater love than this no man has—is the only adequate picture of His outward life towards those around Him.

#### CHRIST IN ME.

All this is placed in your heart in Holy Communion: Jesus communicates Himself entirely to you. If you are to live "by His life"—if "He is to live in you"—you must "put on Christ" in your daily life. All that He has communicated to you must shine forth again from you.

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### A USEFUL FAMILY REMEDY

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Once upon a time, as the story-tellers say, there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had books and flowers and servants—everything he wanted; yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. One by one his most valued servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with his tale of woes.

"It seems to me," said his neighbor sagaciously, "it would be well for you to use more oil."

"To use more oil?"

"Yes; I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Therefore, nobody liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled its hinges and it has been constantly used ever since."

"Then you think I am like your creaking door?" cried the old gentleman. "How in the world do you want me to use oil?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant and when he does right praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross and break out in reproaches; oil your voice and words with the oil of kindness and sweetness and gentleness."

The old man went home and followed the advice given him, and thenceforward peace and comfort reigned in his house.

Every family should have a bottle of this oil; for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit. Accidents will happen and the most perfect plans fail. Offence is sometimes given quite unintentionally; and pain or annoyance is often caused by mere inadvertence.—*Ave Maria.*

## The Disillusionment Of Uncle Stanhope

### CHAPTER VII. WHERE BUTTERWORTH WENT

W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

It was no joke when Uncle Stanhope got angry. He was the mildest and gentlest of men in time of peace. But get him angry and it was terrible. It is a frightful thing to face the "righteous indignation" of a good man.

Uncle Stanhope ripped and snorted. Charlotte winced under his sulphurous language; and Father Liscombe out of a sense of decency, not wishing to obtrude on family quarrels, took his hat and rosary and went out into the night, for he admired the sterling traits of character of the man and loved him. Charlotte learned something that night, but she was wise, and said nothing. Like all sudden and violent storms, it spent itself after a while. Then, Charlotte quietly remarked to him:

"Stanhope, we'll have to be very patient with that girl. Her parents never curbed her in anything. Leave her to me for a little. Please don't quarrel with her. When people quarrel they nearly always say things in the heat of the moment, that burn and sear and are never forgiven."

"I wouldn't bother with her," he blurted, "if I didn't love her. But I can't bear for anyone I love to do wrong." And taking his hat he walked out into the darkness.

Poor Stanhope! The days of his bachelor peace were over. Days of loneliness, at times, they were, days when the call for companionship were imperious, but at any rate, he was master of his fate. He could say in those olden days:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody but unbowed.

\* \* \* \*

It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishment the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the Captain of my soul."

But now a great difference. He must reckon with and for others. Someone has written: "To be a model benedict requires more heroism than to lead a forlorn hope into the jaws of death".

About 5 p. m., with easy riding, Janice and Butterworth reached Pulaski and rode straight to Maloney's. The girls replaced Janice's riding habiliments with some of their own dainty garments and they all entertained Butterworth until 6 o'clock when he took his departure to keep an engagement.

Janice had what she called "a bully time" at Maloney's. After supper they gave her an auto ride till 10 o'clock. The next morning she found her lavender thread and trimming she had forgotten and in the afternoon Patrick procured a mount at Boggs's and rode out to Pine Grove with her. You may be sure Patrick put his best foot forward, and at Janice's request narrated with becoming modesty the whole affair of the expedition to Lewellyn's Hermitage, touching very lightly on his own heroic part therein. Butterworth had departed before Patrick and his father came home to supper and so, the two men had not met, and by some instinct peculiar to women, Janice was discreetly silent about him.

But, on that ride to town Janice and Butterworth had become quite chummy. Each had spoken quite freely to the other of their early life. There seemed to be a strong mutual attraction between them. Let us not call it love at first sight, but anyway by the time they rode in to the Maloney yard they were as thick as two peas in a pod.

When Uncle Stanhope, who was sitting on the verandah, saw Janice and Patrick approaching some distance away, he quickly arose and decamped, not wishing, I suppose, to trust himself. Charlotte heard Janice's voice as she and Patrick rode under the hitching tree, and while Patrick was looking after the horses, she immediately called Janice to come in to her room.

"Janice," she said, putting her arm around the girl. "You made an awful mistake yesterday, going to Pulaski that way. Uncle Stanhope was furious. If you're the daughter of the house, you must act like a daughter. You must let us know where you're going. I beg you, if he says anything, don't jaw back. Take it in silence, or you'll spoil everything."

Janice flared up. "If he says anything to me he'll get it as straight as he gives it."

"Now, don't be foolish, honey. Avoid the first quarrel. And don't

lose the esteem and affection of a good man. Stanhope esteems you highly and he said to me yesterday that he wouldn't bother his head about you if he didn't love you. You've found a good father, Janice, but be careful and don't be too independent."

Janice gazed thoughtfully out of the window for a moment, as if estimating the cost. Then bending over, she kissed Charlotte on the forehead.

"Leave it to me," she said, "I'll fix it." Then hastily entering her own room she was soon deeply immersed in the mysteries of her toilet. When she came out a little while later, about ten minutes before supper-time, she was brilliant in white and pink, wearing one half-open rose, carrying Fifi on her right arm. Glancing through the front window she spied Uncle Stanhope sitting alone on the verandah. Here was her opportunity and quickly depositing the dog on a sofa, she tiptoed out. In an instant a pair of soft arms was around Uncle Stanhope's neck and a soft cheek exhaling violets gently brushed him as a little plaintive voice whispered in his ear:

"I'm sorry I was so foolish yesterday. I did wrong, but I was half way to town, and I had forgotten something and thought I might just as well go and get it while I had the chance."

Uncle Stanhope was unresponsive, as cold as an iceberg. Then suddenly she slipped down on her knees at the side of his chair, and burying her face on Uncle Stanhope's right sleeve, her frame was shaken with sobs, then raising her face—her beautiful eyes, suffused with tears, and two large ones crawling down her cheeks—she whispered plaintively:

"Ain't you going to forgive me, Uncle Stanhope?"

Nature has provided woman, the weaker sex, with two effective weapons, screams and tears, and he is a hard man indeed that can resist them. A well-delivered scream will knock out a burglar more effectually than a solar-plexus. And a woman's sobs are more potent than guns and pistols. Uncle Stanhope's right hand went out and rested for an instant on the girl's silken hair.

"All right," he said softly, "Janice, forget it."

How she managed on such short notice to manufacture those crocodile tears, I'm utterly at a loss to conjecture. She rose quickly, planted a soft kiss on Uncle Stanhope's forehead, and disappeared into her room to obliterate the traces of recent heart-breaking grief, while Uncle

Stanhope visibly softened by the girl's repentance and humility, smiled and muttered to himself:

"Poor spoiled child. She has a good heart."

When Janice came out of her room at the ring of the supper-bell she was as fresh and rosy as a nereid emerging from the waves. Father Liscombe was a little anxious, as he asked the blessing, but when he heard Uncle Stanhope cracking jokes and narrating yarns, some for the hundredth time, his brow cleared up, for he knew that the storm was over. Janice was as lively as a cricket and poked a good deal of sly fun at Patrick's mustache, and Uncle Stanhope didn't even blink when she fed Fifi some of the choicest morsels on the table. Patrick had things all his own way that evening, for immediately after supper Janice took him by the arm and said:

"Come, cousin Pat, I want to show you my squirrel colony." And away they went down into the heart of the pine woods, and Janice was so chummy and confidential, that Patrick afterwards declared it was one of the happiest days of his life. Poor fellow! He was hardly more than a boy, and was soon to waken out of his fool's paradise. He had not even heard of Butterworth! Butterworth! Let us return to him.

After leaving the Maloney home, where he had been entertained royally, Butterworth on his Kentucky thoroughbred, took his leisurely way through a quiet residence street north about eight blocks, then straight west, through another quiet, sleepy street, toward the river. For a newcomer in the neighborhood, he seemed to be particularly well informed as to localities. Before reaching Main Street, he turned into a broad alleyway, and in another minute was leading his horse through a large gate in a high fence and turning to the left, as the gate clicked into its place, tied his horse under an open shed, then made for a four-story brick building which fronted upon Main Street. The brick building was an annex built to a large ten-story hotel, "The Commonwealth," which fronted on Main Street and was the principal hotel of the city.

On entering the rear doorway and passing through a hallway, Butterworth found himself in the regular hotel lobby. There was a decided hum of conversation and the smell of tobacco smoke, as several men were chatting and smoking on the easy chairs and sofas, and the tall handsome Southerner was soon the cynosure of all eyes. With cool indifference, however, without looking to right or left, with the exception of one sweeping glance as he turned into the lobby, which glance

embraced every one and every thing in the place, Butterworth strode right ahead to the elevator, which he entered.

"Sixth floor!" he said to the boy, and they shot upward. The man soon reached room 639 the door of which was not unlike the others, and gave three double raps, which was answered immediately by a shuffle of feet inside and the door swung open.

"Aha! here you are, to the minute," said the little bearded man inside as he grasped Butterworth's hand. "Come in and make yourself easy." He pressed a button and when the bell-hop materialized, "a pitcher of ice-water," he said. The boy soon returned with it and as the door swung into its place, McGregor, that was the man's name, rose and turned the key. "Safety first!" he ejaculated as turning he produced from the bottom of a wardrobe a decanter of "rock and rye." He poured out two half-tumblers, and as he handed one to Butterworth he said smiling, "Water it to suit yourself. I take mine straight." And he tossed it off, following it with a few swallows of the ice-water.

Butterworth poured a little water into his, and sat sipping it while the other talked.

"I sent for you," continued McGregor, "to give you your share of the swag. The last venture was fine. A cool thousand, after expenses. Here's \$500 for you," taking a wallet from his pocket and counting out the bills, "and I tell you, my boy, as long as you can turn out such stuff, our fortune's made. You need me, and I need you. I need you to make it, and you need me to dispose of it. Now, I want to tell you, the room next to me became vacant yesterday. These two are a suite. You see, there's a door between them and they're connected by an outside balcony. That might come in very handy for us sometime. Don't know when something might happen. Go down at once and secure that room. Hire it indefinitely and mind you, don't pay a cent more'n \$10.00 a week. They'll try to tax you \$15.00. And mind this," as Butterworth rose, "we don't know each other 'till the clerk introduces us sometime."

"I get you," replied Butterworth as he left the room.

A moment later he stood before the clerk in the hotel-office.

"Got anything in the line of a room by the month?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk consulting his register. "There's a fine one on the 2nd floor, \$25.00 a week. A very nice room on the 3rd floor for \$20.00 a week and a real good one on the 6th floor for \$15.00 a week. All have first class private baths."

"You misunderstand me," said Butterworth. "I don't want to purchase the hotel, I only want to rent a room."

"Don't be funny," answered the clerk, looking annoyed, "if you don't want them, don't take them."

"I'll tell you who I am," went on Butterworth. "My name is Clarence Butterworth, and I've just purchased Lewellyn's Hermitage out here in the country. I'm starting a canning factory there, and I need a headquarters here in Pulaski, that's all."

"Where did you come from?" said the clerk.

"I came from Mississippi," replied Butterworth.

"You don't say?" said the clerk. "I'm from Mississippi myself—Corinth, Carter's my name—where you from?"

"I was born and raised on a swamp plantation below Natchez on the river," said Butterworth. "What kind of a room is that \$15.00 one on the 6th floor?"

"Very nice one," answered the clerk. "There's a suite of two, connected by a door."

"Pshaw!" said Butterworth, "think I want to live next to some guy snoring like a sawmill all night?"

"Not at all," said the clerk. "He's a fine old gentleman—represents a Havana cigar firm—owns a fine tug, and brings in regular shipments through the custom house. He's a positive asset to the city, that fellow. And, by the way, you might make a deal with him to haul your goods to deep water."

"Not a bad idea," replied Butterworth. "You must introduce me sometime. Isn't ten bucks a week enough for that room, all things considered?"

"Wait," said the other, "I'll speak to the manager." He disappeared into an inner room, from which after a few moments he returned. "All right. The manager's satisfied. Ten dollars a week. Do you want immediate possession?"

"Yes, I do," said Butterworth. "I'm dead tired. Have no baggage with me but a pair of saddle-bags. Rode in, horseback, this afternoon. Want a good sleep."

"All right," said the clerk. "I'll send one of the boys up to fix things for you. There's your neighbor now," he exclaimed as McGregor stepped from the elevator and advanced towards them. "Just the man I want to see," said the clerk. "Meet Mr. Butterworth, just settled down here, runs a factory out in the country. Going to occupy that



room next to yours up there, 640. Hope you'll be good neighbors." There's no telling how long Carter would have rattled on at that rate, but Butterworth suddenly broke in.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. McGregor. I understand you own a tug. Maybe I could dicker with you a little to do some hauling for me."

"I'm your man," responded McGregor. "Always ready to turn over an honest penny. Come on over here and let's talk it over." And the two worthies settled themselves down on one of the lobby settees, and amidst clouds of tobacco smoke talked over their plans—but plans quite different from those imagined by Carter.

The fact is, Clarence Butterworth was operating an illicit still of large capacity at Lewellyn's Hermitage in which place he had erected, 'tis true, a kind of factory, where he canned what he called "native products". He made a kind of "blackberry jam" of the wild blackberries purchased in the neighborhood, a "wild grape juice" from the choke and fox grapes growing in the woods, a kind of "chinquapin meal" and also "Butterworth's Celebrated Korn Kurnels" for the preparation of which incredible quantities of corn were necessary. The business was just getting under way, but each week registered an increase in the output, and Butterworth was well pleased with himself and all the world, also McGregor.

That night after Butterworth was well settled in his room, the door between them was opened with a loud creak, and the two sat drinking and smoking and planning till a late hour.

The next morning, after a hurried breakfast, Butterworth went out to the Hermitage, well pleased with the result of his visit. Everything was humming when he reached the place. The ten men employed were stockholders in the enterprise, all sworn in a pact to "do or die".

The spot where "Lewellyn's Hermitage" had stood had been cleared up, some trees cut down to make more room, a one story frame building 100 feet long had been constructed, and in this the "native products" were prepared. But underneath the concrete floor a large, spacious excavation had been made, where the still had been installed. The second cargo had already been sent down the Chatahoochee in McGregor's tug, "The Vixen," and Butterworth had his \$500.00 of the swag in his pocket. The liquor they sold was good, not ripened by age 'tis true, but unadulterated corn juice, and commanded a good price. It was distributed as "Korn Kurnels" on both sides of the river for many miles, where it was handed over to agents, who in turn sold it



to good customers who had no tongues in their head. Butterworth produced the stuff. McGregor distributed it. They divided the profits after the men were paid their share, according to their stock. The Government Cutter "Greyhound" about as fast as the "Vixen" plied up and down the Chatahoochee, but up to this time, no suspicion had been aroused by the operations of the "Vixen" as she brought back regular cargoes of fine Havana cigars from the South, which were properly entered in the U. S. Custom House in Pulaski, and the revenue paid.

Butterworth in his confidence to Janice had made no mention of all this illicit work, in which he was engaged, but spoke only of his brilliant prospects regarding the "native products". True enough the opening for profitable legitimate business was good indeed, and a handsome return could have been realized on the investment, but the temptation of "big money" was too strong, and thus a fine young man was a constant lawbreaker, a criminal before the law, a desperado, for he constantly carried a small, though powerful gun of late design, small enough to be concealed in his hand, and from practicing on forest trees in his rides through the woods had become an unerring shot.

(To be continued)

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We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings—not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

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No one who wants to be strong, capable, self-reliant, purposeful, and happy in the consciousness of right motives can afford to indulge in the shameful waste of time of being sorry for himself.

A little Chinese girl was carrying a chubby boy on her back.

"Is he heavy?" someone asked.

"No," was the reply; "he is my brother."

There are duties which are pleasures—there are difficult tasks carried through with a right good will—there are privations and hardships cheerfully endured. And all because there is enthusiasm or affection, idealism or devotion, patriotism or consecration in the toil or sacrifice. These are pregnant and significant words to get into our lives, because they make duty congenial and work agreeable and worthy.—*Catholic Citizen.*

# Catholic Anecdotes

## THE BEST FOUNDATION

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The famous—or infamous—Diderot, who in the latter part of the eighteenth century, displayed such furious hatred of religion, in reality, esteemed it, and could not refrain at times from glorifying it. This is clear from an incident, related by M. Bauzee, of the French Academy.

"I went one day to M. Diderot's home to chat with him about certain articles he wished me to contribute to the Encyclopedia. Entering his study without ceremony, I found him teaching the Catechism to his daughter. Having dismissed the child at the end of the lesson, he laughed at my surprise.

" 'Why, after all,' he said, 'what better foundation can I give to my daughter's education in order to make her what she should be—a respectful and dutiful daughter, and, later on, a worthy wife and good mother? Is there, at bottom—since we are forced to acknowledge it—any morality to compare with that inculcated by religion—any that reposes on such powerful motives? ' "

## THE MASTER'S MODEL

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In the May, 1921, issue of the *Visitation Crescent*, the sprightly biennial of the Academy of the Visitation, St. Louis, I found the following beautiful anecdote.

"Do you know the story of the 'Three Bears'?"

My three year old visitor looked up in wide-eyed wonder and replied:

"No, I don't!"

"Gracious!" I exclaimed, turning reproachful eyes upon the mother. "You are neglecting this child's literary education; she knows nothing of the 'Three Bears'!"

The little mother smiled, as one smiles who stands on certain ground awaiting victory, and answered:

"Maybe so—but let me surprise you! She knows the entire story of the Nativity of Our Lord and of the Crucifixion."

I was edified. If "a woman can make a sage or a saint of the child that loves her," I believe that this is the way to begin; for the heart of the average child responds loyally to Love's appeal in the life-story of Christ.

The World-Teacher was not making use of mere handy material, but choosing with the unerring vision of the Godhead when, placing a child in the midst of men he said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven". Surely as He laid His hand upon that mass of tawny curls, and gazed into the mysteriously beautiful depths of the baby's eyes, while the love-light of the Divinity burned bright in His own, He must have looked down the ages and thought with a thrill of gladness of some little folk that we know.

He must have thought of the small Italian in the slums of the great city, who cannot sleep for joy, but lies awake, waiting and longing for the day of her first Holy Communion;

Of another who wishes that martyrdom would come again, that she might show Jesus how much she loves Him;

Of the tiny girl who puts her arms around me, presses her cheek to mine and whispers: "I want to keep my cheek quite close to yours, because you go to Holy Communion";

Or of the lamb outside the fold who kisses her Catholic friend each morning, because that is "as near as I can get to Jesus".

Finally, what a comfort it must have been to our suffering Saviour to contemplate the future fidelity of Phronsie:

On the little white pillow lay a small, white face—sweet, wistful, pathetically weary of suffering. Phronsie had tried so bravely to be patient, but this painful phase of childhood was a new experience. Now she turned once more to the watching mother.

"Won't you move me just a teeny bit, mother dear—move this leg—a tiny mite—it pains me, oh, so dreadfully!"

"I may not, darling," came the half-expected answer. "I would most gladly if it would help my little one; but you know I must not do it. It only makes it harder when you beg me so."

"Then, mother, get my crucifix and touch it to this leg—and put it in my hand," she said.

The mother obeyed. The baby-victim gazed with melting tender-

ness on Him, hanging there, pressed her lips to the image of the Saviour suffering, and whispered :

"I think I can bear it now."

A woman can make a sage or a saint of the child that loves her—so it is left to us to preserve or to pervert the Master's model.—*S. C. A. Alumna.*

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### HUMAN NATURE AND A SAINT

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A lady once came to St. Philip Neri, and asked him :

"Father, is it a sin to wear shoes with very high heels?"

The Saint looked up from his breviary and regarded her with a kindly smile and replied :

"Take care you don't fall."

She left the Saint smiling and got a pair of low heeled shoes.

We smile to find human nature always the same and admire the gentle humor of the Saint.

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### MAKING MINUTES COUNT.

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Daniel Webster as a lad is thus described by John Bach McMaster, the historian :

"As the boy grew in years and stature his life was powerfully affected by the fact that he was the youngest son and ninth in a family of ten; that his health was far from good; that he showed tastes and mental traits that stood out in marked contrast with those of his brothers and sisters; and that he was, from infancy, the pet of the family.

"Such daily work as a farmer's lad was then made to do was not for him. Yet he was expected to do something, and he might have been seen barefooted, in frock and trousers, astride of the horse that dragged the plow between the rows of corn, or raking hay, or following the cows to the pasture in the morning and home again at night, or tending logs in his father's saw mill.

"When such work was to be done, it was his custom to take a book along, set the log, hoist the gates, and while the saw passed slowly through the tree trunk, an operation which in those days consumed some twenty minutes, he would settle himself comfortably and read."

# Pointed Paragraphs

## WE LIVE ONLY ONCE

Two young people were coming home from their work and were discussing whether they would go to the outing their firm was giving for its employees.

"Let's go!" said the one.

"Certainly," replied the other. "We live only once!"

There is in every young heart (and hearts do not change much with age) a longing for pleasure and joy. That longing is not bad, it is fundamentally our capacity for enjoying heaven. Heaven would not be heaven without it.

But the pleasures of this world were never meant to satisfy this inclination as nothing in this world was meant to be the ultimate goal of our aspirations or endeavors. The world's work as little as the world's delights; all things are to serve in their measure and way to eternal happiness.

And so we mount to heaven as fast and far by a vacation well spent as by work well done.

And thus understood, the phrase: "We live but once"—may be an incentive to do whatever we do, as well as we can. For this life is our only chance to win or improve our future eternal blessedness.

## LET US MERIT THE PRAISE

A pastor of a Congregational church paid a tribute to the religious faithfulness of Catholics on vacation, in a sermon to his congregation, following his own vacation of two months.

"I don't know whether Catholics are more faithful to their religion when they are at home," said Dr. Woodrow, "but they are certainly more attentive to it than Protestants are when they are on a vacation.

"At hotels I noticed on Sunday morning, whatever the weather, the Catholics all went to church. They might go fishing or boating or on some other amusement Sunday afternoon, but I do not know of any

Roman Catholic at the hotel where I was domiciled who did not go to church on Sunday.

"I heard comments on this from long rows of healthy-looking Protestants, who stood out in the hot sun in an open boat for four hours steadily, saying they went to church when they were at home and it was too much to ask on vacation. Too much to go to church in a cool place for an hour—the services were never longer than that—when they could stay in the sun all morning.

"I am a Protestant from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, but I am convinced of this—that the people who pay attention to their religion will continue to have it, while the people who neglect their religion will soon lose it."

See that to whatever place you go this year for your vacation, the words of this Protestant Minister may be verified.

Vacation without God—"cutting loose" from all obligations to your Maker, to your own soul and to your character, is not a vacation, in any true sense. It will leave you as the flood left Pueblo: mud and ruins.

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### OUR GREAT HANDICAP

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Admiral William S. Benson is a busy man. As chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, he has enough to do to keep one man busy. He was asked to head the National Council of Catholic Men in his parish. He made the following statements that have the ring of real business and straightforward common sense addressed to his fellow Catholics.

"I think every Catholic man in this parish ought to enlist in the National Council of Catholic Men. I shall accept and retain the chairmanship of this committee of organization only on condition that every man in the parish join. I am a busy man and just at present have a difficult job on my hands, but I shall be glad to work if others will co-operate. Unless the men of St. Paul's congregation enroll themselves as a body in this unit of the Men's Council I'll remove from the parish."

The demand is not too great. If he with all his official and necessary social duties can still find time to devote to the management of this Catholic society, surely every man in the parish could join. But there is one who possibly, might not—the drawback, the handicap we

carry in all Catholic undertakings: the nominal Catholic. Benson says:

"I am a convert. I have not always been a Catholic. Since coming into the Church it has been my belief that one of the greatest handicaps to her work is the 'nominal' Catholic. We must force the 'nominal' Catholic to have something besides inert faith; we must make him zealous and active in behalf of God's Church. The National Council of Catholic Men offers the opportunity and the means of serving God and country. Every Catholic man is under obligation to perform that sort of service. I want to see every man in St. Paul's parish doing his full duty."

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### BE UP AND DOING

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The State Legislature of Louisiana is contemplating the placing of a statue in honor of the late Chief Justice Edward D. White, in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington.

If the project is accomplished, it will make Chief Justice White the fourth Catholic to whom such a memorial has been accorded. The others thus honored are: Gen. James Shields (by Illinois), Father Marquette (by Wisconsin), and Charles Carroll of Carrollton (by Maryland).

What we wished to say is: You can reach the hall of fame by your patriotic and civic achievements without in the least betraying your Faith or neglecting its practice.

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### YES, HE'S THE MAN.

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A little magazine reads our young people a much needed lesson in respect which, with a few slight changes, may be applied to you.

"He may wear a last year's straw hat; his finger nails may need manicuring; his vest may hang a little loose, and his pants may bag at the knees; his face may show signs of a second-day's growth, and the tin dinner bucket he carries may be full of dents and doughnuts; but don't you call him 'the old man'. He's your father.

For years and years he has been hustling around to get things together. Never once has he failed to do the right thing by you. He thinks you are the greatest boy on earth, bar none, even though you plaster your hair back, wear smart clothes, smoke cigarettes, and fail

to bring home a cent. He is the man who won the love and life partnership of the greatest woman on earth—your mother.

He is 'some' man and not 'the old man'.

If you win as good a wife as he did, you will have to go some."—  
*The Silent Partner.*

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## TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE

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This is how the trick is worked. You can prove anything with it. It consists in an amazing substitution of fact for hypothesis. H. G. Wells, in "*Outlines of History*," uses it thus:

"I first discovered that trick at Oxford in my 'Constitutional History,'" says Mr. Belloc. "I have since traced it in I know not how many modern works. Once discovered, it is easily exposed. It consists in first stating a possibility; then later, alluding to it as a thing known."

The following examples are culled from Wells' History:

On page 73: "Certain very fundamental things *may have* been in men's minds long before the coming of speech".

And a little further: "Chief among these *must have* been fear of the Old Man of the Tribe".

Another example: "Objects associated with him (the purely hypothetical Old Man) were *probably* forbidden".

In the very next sentence: "Everyone *was forbidden* to touch his spear or sit in his place".

A third example: "Another idea *probably arose* out of the mysterious visitation of infectious disease, and that was the idea of uncleanness and of being accursed".

Now observe the next step: "Out of such idea and a jumble of awkward ones *grew* the first quasi-religious elements in human life".

The fourth example is a speculation on three old bones found in Java.

"The bones were those of a creature such as the makers of early stone implements *may have* been."

And in part three the author coolly concludes: "We have traced the growth and development (of the human brain) through the period of 500,000 years from the Pithecanthropus stage".

Mr. Wells, of course, has done nothing of the sort; he has traced the growth of his imagination.



# Catholic Events

(All events chronicled are reported by the N. C. W. C. News Service.)

"Such a little Pope!" "The words sprang involuntarily to my lips," says Charles Phillips, the newspaper reporter, that morning in the private chapel of the Pontiff, when Benedict XV entered . . . . The Holy Father passed through the chapel doors and paused so long at the foot of the aisle, turning this way and that to give his blessing, very sweetly and freely to all about him, without a sign of hurry, that I could easily study him where I knelt within reach of his hand. I do not know his exact height: not more I should guess than five feet six or seven . . . . The Pope is small, but with a figure perfectly proportioned, which gives him that odd little quick grace which characterizes people built on a diminutive but symmetrical scale . . . . The Holy Father read Mass slowly and with gravest absorption. This was of course, only a low Mass; and there was just a simple tinkling bell, such as you hear in any country parish, to warn us of Consecration and Elevation. But the whole effect was tremendously impressive, deeply devotional. The slight little figure at the altar, smaller than ever, it seemed, in his vestments, was the very personification of prayer. And those little hands!—They seemed to plead and supplicate when they were lifted up. Something came into one's eyes then . . . . and God on our altars was very near.

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The Holy Father sent to Cardinal Logue, primate of Ireland, 200,000 lire for the Irish White Cross. In the accompanying communication, the Pope says: "In the public strife which is taking place in your country it is the deliberate counsel of the Holy See, a counsel consistently acted upon up to the present, in similar circumstances, to take sides with neither of the contending parties. Such neutrality, however, by no means prevents us from wishing and desiring, nor even from praying and beseeching the contending parties, that the frenzy of strife may as soon as possible subside, and a lasting peace and a sincere union of hearts take the place of this terrible enmity. Mindful therefore of our Apostolic office, and moved by charity which embraces all men, we exhort the English as well as the Irish, to calmly consider whether the time has not arrived to abandon violence and treat on some means of mutual agreement."

\* \* \*

Pope Benedict has appointed Msgr. Lorenzo Lauri, inter-nuncio to Bolivia and Peru, to be papal nuncio in Poland. And Msgr. Giuseppe Petrelli, Apostolic delegate to the Philippines, has been named Nuncio to Peru.

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The Pope has approved the plan for an annual collection as a permanent fund for the relief of the Catholics in the former Central Empires. The plan was formed by Msgr. F. A. Rempe of Chicago,

and will be submitted to the bishops of this country for their approbation. "I carried with me (to Europe) says Msgr. Rempe, "the sum of \$500,000, collected by the Bishops of the U. S. to bring relief to the Catholics of Germany and Austria . . . In Germany I distributed the money in proportion to the number of Catholics in each diocese. They ranged from a minimum of \$2,600 for the small dioceses of Eichstatt and Fulda, to a maximum of \$43,000 for the extensive Archdiocese of Cologne . . ."

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The body of Pope Leo XIII will be removed from the Vatican to his tomb in the church of St. John Lateran, during the meeting of the Association of Italian Catholic Young Men, which will be held in Rome during September.

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The Smith-Towner education bill is not dead yet. The Builder, a Masonic publication says: "The bill as re-introduced in the House is changed from the original in verbiage only." The Grand Lodge of Mississippi adopted a resolution "endorsing efforts to create a National Department of Education . . . as set forth in the Smith-Towner Bill." It also adds this foolishness: "The Lodge endorses the Public School and pledges every influence within its power to maintain and safeguard the same from the assaults of those who would destroy it, and create in its stead a system of parochial schools, dominated and controlled by and under the absolute influence of an autocratic hierarchy."

\* \* \*

Fifteen hundred Catholic high schools, academies and colleges having high school departments have been notified by the Bureau of Education of the N. C. W. C., that their students are eligible to enter the prize essay contest conducted by the Highway and Highway Transport Education Committee on the subject of "Good Roads and Highway Transport". The prize of \$1,000 for each of four years, to be spent in any college preferred by the winner, is offered by Harvey S. Firestone, Akron, O. For information, write to the Highway Transportation Education Committee, Willard Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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With a gift of \$75,000 from the Carnegie Foundation, a grant of \$250,000 by the Rockefeller Foundation, and a pledge of \$500,000 by the residents of South Bend (Ind.), Notre Dame University begins its campaign for an endowment of \$2,000,000 with the practical assurance of raising the entire amount.

\* \* \*

A new Catholic organization of women, whose members wear no habit, but nevertheless have consecrated their lives to social service and charity has been formed, in New York City. They visit the homes of the needy and poor, caring for all who need care, from the baby to the aged and helpless. Their mission is to save the home. The community has been existing for a year under the patronage of Archbishop Hayes.

Senator Watson of Georgia is again at his old work of throwing mud. Referring editorially to a news report based on statistics that during the last year 65,000 girls disappeared from their homes, he says: "they were captured by Catholic priests and were sentenced to slavery in the Houses of the Good Shepherd, etc.," and that in Keiley's establishment (referring to Bishop Keiley), at Savannah, there may probably be a score or more of those missing girls." He also states: "The laws of Georgia require that Bishop Keiley's slave-pen shall be inspected by officers of the courts of Chatham County, but the Bishop of Savannah informs us that he gets his law from Rome, and therefore, he cannot recognize laws made in this country. The question is: Shall Bishop Keiley be permitted to continue to laugh at our laws?"

To this charge full of lies and slander, Bishop Keiley made a very dignified reply: "I have suffered many similar attacks from that man for many years, and surely I need no defense now after 35 years lived in Georgia and when I am nearing the time when I can hardly expect to spend many more years among my friends. However, it seems to me, that this is a matter that should interest the public-spirited citizens of Georgia. It is they who are challenged. The integrity of their laws and institutions are impugned. The honesty of their courts and grand juries is called in question, and these horrible imputations on Georgia are vouched for by one of its Senators . . . No, it is not I who need defending, but Georgia, and it seems too bad that it should require to be protected from one of its highest placed public officials, one of its representatives in the U. S. Senate."

The Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia is taking steps to bring the libeller to time.

\* \* \*

A Protestant, Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, director of the department of Historical Research in the Carnegie Institute, has inaugurated a movement to afford relief to the Bolandist Fathers, who for 300 years have been collecting with infinite pains and wonderful exactness the record of the lives of the Saints, which they have published at intervals under the title of *Acta Sanctorum*.

\* \* \*

Non-Catholics are working with the Catholics to insure the success of the 67th annual convention of the Catholic Central Society in Fort Wayne on August 7, 8, 9 and 10.

\* \* \*

Following the custom of rendering aid in national emergencies, the Knights of Columbus have gone to the rescue of the afflicted in the Colorado floods and the Tulsa disturbances. Council homes of the K. of C. have been thrown open to care for the homeless and injured.

\* \* \*

450 delegates from all parts of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines and Alaska will attend the 39th annual Supreme Convention of the Knights of Columbus to be held in San Francisco Aug. 2-4.

## —THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address)

*I was with a friend on an outing. She had forgotten her rosary. I lent her mine. Could she gain the indulgences by using it? Did her use of it deprive me of the privilege of gaining the indulgences on this same rosary?*

I. According to former rulings, the person who borrowed the rosary could not gain the indulgences; and the person who lent a rosary with the intention of having the other gain the indulgences, lost the privilege of further gaining the indulgences on that rosary.

II. According to the present ruling, the indulgences attached are considered as attached to the rosary itself: so that anyone who uses the rosary (though it was not blessed for him) can gain the indulgences—nor does the owner lose the power of gaining them. In a word, a rosary, once blessed and indulgenced, always remains indulgenced for every user of it, until it be destroyed or sold.

The new Code still left the matter doubtful, and this is the reason why there may have been differences in decisions; but an official explanation recently given by Rome settled the matter.

*Could you give me information in regard to places and times for lay-retreats? I would like to attend one if possible.*

Lay-retreats, both for men and women, will be conducted by the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word during the summer months at *St. Mary's Mission House* and *St. Ann's Home, Techny, Ill.*; namely, for men at *St. Mary's Mission House*; in English: July 28-31, August 4-7. In German: July 21-24.

For women there will be 12 courses at *St. Ann's Home*; in English: June 23-26, June 30-July 3, July 21-24, July 28-31, Aug. 4-7 (only for members of Mission Clubs of the S. V. D.), Aug. 18-21, Aug. 25-28, Sept. 1-4, Sept. 8-11. In German: June 16-19. In Polish: July 7-10, July 14-17.

Lay-retreats have been part and parcel of the work of the Society of the

Divine Word ever since its foundation in 1875. In fact, the late Ven. Father Arnold Janssen, the founder of the Society, revived the practice of lay-retreats in Germany and Holland, where for more than a hundred years it had been neglected. Lay-retreats today form a vital and important factor in the life of the Church in France, Germany, Holland, and Austria, and are contributing much to heal the wounds inflicted by the World War upon the religious life of the different nations and to reconstruct the social life upon the basis of religion and justice.

In the United States the first lay-retreats were conducted by the Fathers of the Divine Word at Techny, Ill., in 1906, at the request of some young men of Chicago. Every summer the attendance at the different retreats has increased considerably. Today thousands of Catholic men and women make their annual retreat at the different seminaries, colleges, and academies throughout the United States.

Further particulars will be cheerfully given by writing to *St. Mary's Mission House*, or *St. Ann's Home, Techny, Ill.*

The Dominican Father, W. R. Lawler, will conduct a retreat for women from Aug 17-21, at the Academy of Our Lady, 95th and Throop St., Chicago. For information, phone Beverly 315, Academy of Our Lady.

*Suppose a person receives Holy Communion in the morning and meets with an accident during the day, would such a one be allowed to receive Holy Communion a second time by way of Viaticum?*

Yes. 1. In fact the Church, in the new Code (867) urges the reception of Viaticum in the circumstances described. 2. There is nothing strange about receiving twice a day, in itself—as the Church permits the priest to do so as on Christmas. 3. In the case described there is a special reason—probably Our Lord's own intention—that it be received a second time: namely, the need of the hour of death.

## Some Good Books

*The Palace Beautiful.* By Rev. Frederick A. Houck, 1120 Horace Street, Toledo, Ohio. Price \$1.50 postpaid.

Having in his previous volume, "The Palace Wonderful," led us to view and admire the wonders of God in the Creation about us, Father Houck, in his new book bids us turn our thoughts inward and contemplate the beauties of divine grace within our souls. It is, in fact, a treatise on the three theological virtues. The author compares the task of developing the latent powers and infused virtues of the soul with that of an architect and builder. In this supernatural edifice, Faith is the Foundation, Hope the Superstructure, and Charity the Unitive Principle and Ornament. Then follows a chapter on the Divine exemplar of the Palace Beautiful, and another on Models and Advocates—the Blessed Virgin and the Saints.

As in his former book, so in this one the author has endeavored to repay attention as well as attract it. He has interspersed his text with apt quotations, interesting anecdotes, and gems of poetry. We heartily agree with the closing words of his preface: "If a more ardent desire for the higher and nobler things of the mind and heart is awakened in the reader, let this be deemed a sufficient reason and apology for presenting truths and metaphors as old as mankind".

*A Mill Town Pastor.* By Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price net \$1.75. Postage 15 cents.

In 1913 Father Conroy gave a mission at Mingo Junction, Ohio. There he came in contact with the pastor of St. Agnes' Church, Rev. Daniel Coffey, and evidently was impressed most favorably by his priestly qualities. Father Coffey died in 1916, and now Father Conroy has written his life, taking as subtitle: *The Story of a Witty and Valiant Priest.*

The story is told in a most lively fashion, full of humor and sparkling wit and keen insight; the story of a

very real priest who shaped the spiritual destinies of a little mill town in Ohio.

It is not a biography, in the ordinary sense of the word. It reads like a novel. Or better, it brings you into companionship with Father Coffey: you see his smile, you hear his words, you become one of his parishioners. Mingo becomes your home.

*Memoir of a Great Convert.* By Rev. W. B. Hannon.

A Pamphlet of 75 pages published by the Catholic Truth Society of Canada, whose main office is at 67 Bond Street, Toronto. It recounts in touching yet forceful words the life of Dr. Levi Silliman Ives, who before his conversion was Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina. After his reception into the Church, he settled in New York City and devoted the remaining fifteen years of his life to the poor and forsaken. The pamphlet has a short preface from the pen of Frederic Joseph Kinsman, likewise an Anglican Bishop before his conversion.

*Thoughts of June.* By Kathleen A. Sullivan. Published by Diederich-Schaefer Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Price \$1.50.

This book of poems is a memorial tribute to the late Mrs. Josephine Byrne Sullivan-Conlon, by her sister.

One reflection, I am sure, will come very naturally to every reader of these poems: This must have been a true, Catholic, woman who could have won for herself such unstinted praise and deep affection as every poem in the volume proclaims.

Indeed, Mrs. Josephine Byrne Sullivan-Conlon, without any of the noisy, unwomanly demonstrations that modern feminists affect, proved what a powerful influence a true woman can wield, and what a noble work she can accomplish in the world. For many years she valiantly edited the "Michigan Catholic", a Detroit weekly paper. She was decorated, for her work, with the insignia "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" by Pope Benedict XV. She died May 28, 1920.

# Lucid Intervals

"Do cucumbers distress all people, doctor?"

"No, madam, only those who eat them."

Sam and Rastus were in a Jim Crow car en route to a plantation. They were discussing politics. Rastus was a partisan of the incumbent representative.

"Well," said Sam, "Ah like him all right, Ah guess, but his platform ain't no good."

"Platfo'm!" snorted Rastus. "Platfo'm! Say, doan' you know dat a political platfo'm is jes like a platfo'm on one o' dese yere railroad cahs—it ain't meant to stan' on; hit's jes meant to git in on!"

Three or four tawny spots appeared here and there on the little boy's blue knickerbockers. Attracted by his cheery smile, two kindly old ladies stopped to talk to him and "wondered why his mother did not patch with a color to match." The little boy blushed deeply and then burst out:

"That ain't no patch; that's me."

"Do you know what it is to go before an audience?"

"No. I spoke before an audience once, but most of it went before I did."

"I desire no remuneration for this poem," remarked the long-haired poet, as he drifted into the editorial sanctum. "I merely submit it as a compliment."

"Then, my dear fellow, permit me to return the compliment," replied the editor, with true journalistic courtesy.

Walter—"Mr. Smith left his umbrella again. I do believe he would lose his head if it were loose."

Robinson—"I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs."

"Why do you allow your daughter to bang the piano so hard?"

"I'm hoping she'll either sprain her wrist or bust the instrument."

Marketman—"Oh, yes, mum, them's young onions."

Mrs. Buyzem—"But they have the odor of old ones."

Marketman—"Yes'm. They're strong for their age."

Private Squib—"What's bitin' you, anyway?"

Private Squab—"Nothin's bitin' me. Private Squib—Well, you gave me a nasty look."

Private Squab—"I never gave it to you; you were born with it."

"Well, what did you think of my acting?" asked the amateur player of a truthful but diplomatic member of the audience.

"I can say this," replied the spectator frankly. "I have a friend who I am confident would have given \$500 to have heard you."

"Who is it?" asked the embryo Booth, highly pleased.

"Well, you wouldn't know him. But he's deaf as a post."

"Of course dogs have intelligence," Bibbs declared warmly. "Now here is Dubbs; he's a lover of dogs, and I'll leave it to him if some dogs haven't more intelligence than their masters."

"Sure!" Dubbs responded heartily. "Why, I have a couple of dogs like that myself." And Dubbs even yet sometimes wonders why they all laughed.

"Funny thing happened in my town last week," said the chatty man in the railway carriage.

"What was that?" asked the interested individual.

"Black, a white man, and White, a black man, thought a fellow named Brown was pretty green, and tried to sell him a white horse. But Brown was well read, and he deceived them both. In fact, he got all the money they had."

"And now?"

"And now Black and White are blue."

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